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SHOWPIECE

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HW21

AN INTIMATE LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN GLOBES

HOW TO UNDERSTAND BOSOM TALK

THE BRA-- ITS UPS AND DOWNS

FICTION SPECIAL BY WILL HOLM *"Hunker's Cousin"*

VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE

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Dear Showpiece

BY BARBARA

My boyfriend and I happened to run into an old school friend of mine who was going through a divorce. Since this woman and I were very close friends in school, we felt that it would be nice if we asked her out. We did and she admitted the truth to us—that her husband was divorcing her because she was bisexual and he had caught her in an affair with a woman they both knew well. When we were in school together, we had done the usual schoolgirl necking, but we had never progressed beyond that to the sexual stage. My girlfriend, I'll call her Sally, invited my boyfriend and myself to her house. She said we had been so nice to her that she wanted to reciprocate. Besides, she said, she was lonely. When we arrived at her beautiful home in the wealthy section of Los Angeles, Sally opened the door in what can only be described as a shockingly sexual outfit.

Her short black leather skirt revealed everything that was underneath, including garter belt and stockings. She kissed us both and led us to her bedroom where she began necking with me in much the same way we had done when we were in school. I immediately became aroused, and was very surprised at my reaction which seemed so strong—much stronger than any feelings I had had with my boyfriend recently. Our kissing and touching aroused him and he ran his hand up our legs. We both undressed him and he made love to us in turn and together, and then he watched while we made love to each other, joining us in our final orgasm. It was a delightful evening and we have repeated it several times.

However my boyfriend has become very unhappy recently because I have suggested that I would like to make love with him and another man. He says he is not homosexual and is repulsed by the idea. I feel that something like that would really turn me on and wouldn't make him any less masculine. Suddenly, our relationship is turning from a sexually liberated one to an old-fashioned double standard. What can I do about it.

Your boyfriend is using you for his own pleasure, by refusing to allow you the same privilege. Don't go for it. If he won't allow you the opportunity to experience sex with two men, find someone else. I am sure that there are lots of men who will go along with your sexual emancipation. He'll have a harder time finding another girlfriend who is as sexually open and free as you are than you'll have finding another guy.

* * *

A couple of weeks ago I went to a girlfriend's house to play cards with some other girls. We played a little and then she served sandwiches and drinks. "I have a big surprise for you girls," she announced. "Come with me." We all followed her into the bedroom and you can't imagine how shocked I was. Her husband was tied in a chair. He had nothing on but a pair of frilly, lace ladies panties, a matching bra, a skimpy garter belt, nylons and a pair of spike-heeled pumps. I don't know what made me do it but I was both thrilled, horrified and disgusted at the same time, and I found myself joining in with the other women as they teased this poor man. We made jokes about him and teased him and just left him tied up there and went back to our card game. Afterward I felt strangely exhilarated. I really don't understand why this woman tied her husband up and then wanted to show him off to us. Nor do I understand why I felt so strangely excited by the whole thing.

There are many people who get their kicks from harmless bondage pursuits. You should realize that all the participants are enjoying themselves and that no one is really doing anything they don't want to do. If you found it titillating, perhaps you might enjoy more participation in this kind of activity. Why not ask the woman to let you join her next time. Just remember it's all fun and games and everybody is entitled to get their rocks off the way they like, as long as no one is hurt.

* * *

My girlfriend has what I would consider a perfect body. I enjoy her and love her as a person, of course, but I enjoy her female body more than anything. It means more to me than just lovemaking. I like to decorate her body, to paint it with pretty colors and to rub it with oils and creams. She has always allowed me to do whatever I liked and mostly seemed to like it herself. I am also a great lover of the outdoors. Last week I decided to decorate her the way the gardener in "Lady Chatterly's Lover" decorated Lady Chatterly. I gathered flowers from my yard and proceeded to put them around her body. I wanted flowers growing from her every orifice, her mouth, eyes, ears, belly button, vagina and rear end. She was willing to go along with everything but actually letting me insert the flowers into her vagina and rear end. She said it was unsanitary and stupid. I washed the flowers and she still wouldn't let me do it. How can I convince her that she should?

Many women balk at activites like this until they are more convinced of how beautiful they look. If you have a Polaroid camera you might try taking pictures of her in various decorations, including flowers, and showing them to her. The way to many women's hearts is through their vanity. ●●●

HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN GLOBES

by Emro Sen

A CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO THE BEST-LOOKING BREASTS ON THE SCREEN TODAY. BEFORE YOU SEE ANOTHER MOVIE, BE SURE TO CHECK OUT THIS SHORT COURSE IN THE APPRECIATION OF CELLULOID CLEAVAGE.

The words were freed first. That can be deduced from two movies in which Elizabeth Taylor played.

In 1946, Warner Brothers bought the rights to a long-running stage play, *Life With Father*. The curtain line, daring in those days even for the stage, was Father saying, "I'm going to be baptized, damn it!" When filmed, the last two words were left out of the brief speech. Censorship was that strict in the movies of the day.

Twenty years later, the same studio bought and filmed another long-running Broadway hit, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* It starred the same Elizabeth Taylor, older and more beautiful now. In the screen version were eleven *God*

Yolanda in "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe?"

Marie Dumont showed Alex Freed her beauties in the British sex film, "Au Pair Girls."

The harem scene from film "A Clockwork Orange" featured memorable bared breasts.

damns, five *sons of bitches,* seven *bastards,* and few even more four-letterish four-letter words. Possibly the cleanest line in the whole thing was a game they played called, "Hump the Hostess."

It was a far cry from the same Liz Taylor who had almost refused six years earlier to appear in a movie called *Butterfield 8* because it was about a lady who sold her affections for hard cash. "It's a piece of obscenity," she said. Luckily, she was talked into the role and won an Academy Award for it.

The trend toward the liberation of language has continued unabated. The word *fuck* has become fairly commonplace. It was responsible for the largest laugh in *M*A*S*H* in

Richard Burton (top) almost ignores Karin Schubert in "Bluebeard," while Jean Sorel (bottom) is attentive to Carroll Baker in "The Sweet Body of Deborah."

spite of some funny scenes devoted to the horniness of Sally Kellerman as Hot Lips, the oversexed nurse. Similarly, a thirty-second laugh ensues when Barbra Streisand in *Up the Sandbox* gets upset at a young girl taking pictures at a family party and says, "How would you like that Instamatic shoved up your ass?" And, of course, Brando's language in *Last Tango in Paris* is definitive proof of the freedom of the movie words.

However, for a long while, it didn't seem as if the picture, the visual scene, would ever break its bonds. The bared bosom, that exquisite portion of the female anatomy, was denied the average audience here until 1968. Not that those females, amply endowed, objected to the liberty with their torsos. Most of them generally filmed two versions of so-called sexy scenes —one prim and clothed for American audiences and the other raw and challenging for foreign distribution.

Nor was there a lack of precedent. There was a smidgen of nudity in American movies in the 20's. There has also been a great deal of nudity in foreign films. Hedy Lamarr's pink-tipped breasts floated her from a river scene in *Ecstacy* to stardom in Hollywood. Brigitte Bardot showed her curves in *And God Created Woman* making that simple lackadaisical film a big box office hit in America. And even if they retained a certain modesty, many of the foreign stars revealed a goodly portion of their bosoms leaving almost nothing to the imagination anyway. Sophia Loren in *Two Women* is a perfect example. Simone Signoret in *Room at the Top* is another. The foreign film has remained interested in and stimulated by the naked breast. The recent *Satyricon* unveiled a half-dozen of the largest breasts ever put on celluloid. Needless to say, Federico Fellini doesn't shirk the depiction of women with huge breasts. A friend of his was asked some time back

why Fellini filmed bosoms. The answer was simple: "They are nice to look at."

Came the year 1968 and the breakthrough in Hollywood films. In a filmed pseudo-biography of Howard Hughes called *The Carpetbaggers,* Carroll Baker showed several million Americans how pleasantly shaped her breasts were. The target of strong assaults from religious and ostensibly civic-minded groups in the past for her total sexuality in a forgettable movie *Baby Doll,* Miss Baker was probably not prepared for the flood of protest that was to come.

Ministers called out from the pulpits on Sunday mornings for some deity to send down a bolt of lightning that would destroy the studio, the theaters, and the movie industry. In one Kansas city, the exhibitor was barred from all rites of his church. The entrance to a drive-in in New York where the picture was playing was barred by a chain of men and women with their arms interlocked.

It was all an echo of an earlier fracas, again involving Howard Hughes. In 1944, he made a movie called *The Outlaw*. The story of Billy the Kid, its female star was a beautiful young lady, one of many discovered before and since by Mr. Hughes. Her name was Jane Russell. In one scene, she is sitting tauntingly revealing a measure of cleavage. Far from outrageous and really mild by any modern standards, the picture showed only that Miss Russell was an attractive young lady. Such was the temper of the times, both studio and star were threatened with real violence. When the picture was actually given its full release two years later, the resulting din was shattering. Yet Miss Russell bared nothing.

The significant thing about *The Carpetbaggers* was, however, the fact that the industry didn't recoil from the criticism. In the past, any slight

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Raquel Welch, Hollywood's most well-known sex symbol, has never bared her breasts on film, although in "100 Rifles" she certainly showed a lot of cleavage.

A NATURAL WOMAN

"The first time I heard that song about a natural woman was when I was living in Nashville," says pretty Georgette Taylor who is hoping to make it big as a country-western singer. "I felt like that song was about me and decided right then and there to adapt it to my style and make it my theme song. I especially like the part about being happy and free because that's what I want out of life. I think women's lib is doing a lot for girls because it tells them it's all right to make love to who you want. But that and the part about equal pay for equal work are the only things in the movement

that turn me on at all. Frankly, I really like it when a man dominates me. It makes me respect him if he's stronger than I am in all ways. Besides, in the South where I come from, women are taught to be more feminine and let the man take over. I enjoy having things done for me and being pampered. My father was always the boss in our house and it worked out just fine." Georgette spends a lot of time in her garden. "I believe in natural foods as a way of life, and I would be happiest if I could grow everything I eat. That's the only way a person can know what they're getting inside their body today. Farmers are using so much pesticide and chemicals of all kinds on their crops that it just isn't safe to eat food you buy in the markets. I always wash everything in biodegradable soap before I eat it. Right now I have a small herb and spice garden started. It's amazing how much better food tastes when you season it with fresh herbs and spices. My ideal man would be one who wants to go back to the land, maybe move to Canada where the government will subsidize you to grow certain vegetables with a high income like asparagus. I would really like to try living completely off the land, but I don't want to do it alone. I want a man to be there to chop wood and take care of me at night. That's one of my fetishes. I hate to sleep alone. Even if I'm not having a mad love affair, I just like a guy to be there and hold me. That's my insecure part, I guess."

MERICAN
FUTURE
FARMERS

Hunker's Cousin

by Will Holm

An underaged, big-chested, fresh-from-the-farm virgin decides to bestow her most precious gift on an extremely reluctant city slicker.

"Hi!" this deep-chested girl in the doorway says. "You're Mr. Jerry Kinghammer, aren't you? I'm Hunker Hanrahan's Cousin Frances from Arkansas."

Due to circumstances beyond my control it has been a long dry spell, sex-wise, and it is all I can do not to grab an accidental feel as she brushes past me into my bedroom. But Cousin Frances is obviously an innocent creature of only maybe 18 years, from the boondocks, and with a trusting nature. No decent man can take advantage of a situation like that. Besides, her cousin is not only old-fashioned and very strong but overdue.

"Hunker's out," I say. "Friday mornings he goes to the YMCA to lift weights and things. He'll be back, though." I watch her sit on the nearer twin bed, which is mine. She is a real blonde, with a real blonde's real skin. She wears a T-shirt with "American Future Farmers" stencilled on the front, faded levis that do fantastic things with her heinie, and half-boots. She smiles and takes a deep breath that doubles the width of the stencil. I almost self-destruct gonadally.

"Well, well, well!" I babble. "Hunker said a cousin from Arkan-

sas might be in town and call, but he didn't say anything about you being a girl cousin. And you certainly are, aren't you? A girl, I mean."

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Kinghammer, I sure am," she says, getting pink. "I'm sorry to bust into your bedroom like this, but the clerk out at the desk didn't think you'd mind. Why don't you sit down?" I do, as close as possible without actually sitting in her lap. I am still wearing the pajama shorts I sleep in.

"Why I am in Chicago," Hunker's Cousin Frances Hanrahan says, "is because I am an Arkansas delegate to the American Future Farmers' meeting you probably read about in the papers." Suddenly she leans down close to my chest, and I don't know *what* the hell, though hoping. Then she blows on my navel and I go four feet straight up.

"Lint," Hunker's cousin explains. "Lint in your belly button. Mr. Kinghammer, can I tell you something?"

"Anything!" I whisper.

"You look just like in the picture Hunker sent home of you two together at the beach. You're cute. Skinny, but real cute. I get tired of guys all bulgy-muscled and smelling of cow." She slips off her half-boots and wiggles her bare toes. (Did I ever mention my bare feet fetish? There was this older girl when I was maybe 13 who wouldn't let me watch her go tinkle unless I'd spread peanut butter on her toes and eat it off. Never got over it.)

"Ummmmm!" Cousin Frances says, wiggling those really great toes. "Mr. Kinghammer, why don't you kiss me?"

I kiss her there sitting on the side of the bed. She lays back, and I climb aboard and kiss her like that. Obviously, she has already kissed a lot of boys and probably also men back there in Arkansas, because she is very good at it, especially with the tongue. I peel up the American Future Farmers' T-shirt and confirm a happy suspicion that underneath there is nothing but acres of Cousin Frances.

"Mr. Kinghammer," she says into the ear she has been raising a hickey on, "does Hunker have a key to your bedroom?"

"Hunker?" I ask thickly. "Oh. Sure. Why?"

"That's probably him coming in now," she says, sitting up lithely and rearranging the jugs. I sit up beside her, folding my hands nunlike in my lap to hide a hard-on you can pound nails with. Hunker Hanrahan crashes in.

Even when I do not have a guilty conscience about trying to get into his kid cousin from Arkansas' pants, Hunker scares me. He is 6-5, weighs 274, and thinks dropping guys onto concrete from second floor windows is subtle humor. We know each other from college, when I am equipment manager for the red-shirt football team and he is Everybody's All-Everything at offensive end. We keep in touch when I come to Chicago in motel management work, especially after he is number one draft pick by the Bears and looks like a sure thing for fame and fortune. But in his first game against the Vikings, Hunker makes the mistake of laughing at Carl Eller and Alan Page after beating them to a quick first-quarter touchdown. In the second quarter, Page and Eller high-low him, and while Hunker's bones all finally heal real well, he is done, pro football-wise. Four years ago, between jobs, he moves into my room at the motel with me. He is still there at the time Cousin Frances visits.

Hunker looks down at me sitting beside her on the bed, ugly suspicion in his little pig eyes.

"How long's she been here, Kinghammer?" he growls.

"Two minutes," she lies for both of us. "Why?"

"Never mind," he answers. "How long you in town for?"

"Tuesday noon," she says. "Aunt Edythe says you can show me Chicago." Aunt Edythe is Hunker's mother, and scares him as bad as he scares me.

"Got a conference today," he says, meaning golf.

"Tomorrow?" she asks.

"Another conference," Hunker says, meaning bowling.

"Well," Cousin Frances says, standing and taking a deep breath that does fantastic things with the front of that AFF T-shirt, "okay. But if you get any time, our convention is at the Metropolitan Hotel. Room 1436. Most kids have to share rooms, but I got my own. Alone. By myself."

"I don't like that," Hunker Hanrahan growls, protective. "Just remember, this isn't Deep Furrow, Arkansas. Maybe I better drop you off. You can see Lake Michigan on the way." He bulls out of the bedroom, turning sideways to make room for his shoulders. Cousin Frances bends down and gives me a quick tongue-sucker of a kiss.

"Room 1436," she whispers and runs out, her firm young heinie sending back obscene messages.

By dressing in 38 seconds and bribing a cabbie, I get to the Metropolitan Hotel first. Up on the fourteenth floor, I approach a clean-up maid, open my wallet to show my Hotel-Motel Management membership card and $10.

"Room 1436," I say. "I've been asked to check it for remodeling possibilities. Got a key?"

The maid—a fat old broad who looks like when she had it she used it—grins and opens the door.

"I saw her go out this morning," the maid says. "Think you're up to it, Honey? Anyway, lots of luck."

Room 1436 is a lumpy double bed, dark adjoining bathroom with leaky john and shower to match, a spectacular view of the stockyards if the smog ever lifted. One reason it has been such a long dry spell for me, sex-wise, is that basically I am a very timid guy, especially around young girls with mean, big-muscled relatives. I wait and wait, getting more and more tense, going in to pee in the leaky john every few minutes. I am just completing another nervous squirt when the hallway door outside rattles and opens.

Being also basically square, I have instinctively almost closed the toilet door when I come in to pee. But, through the crack, I see Cousin Frances looking absolutely eatable, but also scared. And then I understand why, because out of range of what I can see this big deep voice says:

"Quit arguing, Frances. I'm going to check the door locks and like that. You can't be too sure, and I promised Momma . . . Yeah, that's okay. Look. See, there's this regular lock and then the chain lock. What you do, every time you come in, is first. . . ."

"Hunker," Cousin Frances says, glancing nervously at the bathroom door. "I know. You told me seven times. Now I got to take a shower and go to a meeting."

"Yeah," Hunker Hanrahan says, starting toward the bathroom. "Maybe I better just check. . . .

"Hunker!" Frances screams. "Don't go in there."

"Why not?" he growls, keeping coming.

"Because I got *things* hanging there. Girl things. You go in there, and I tell Aunt Edythe."

Hunker stops like he is shot. "Well," he says. "Okay. But phone me if anything comes up. It's okay to leave a message with Jerry Kinghammer, that's the weird-looking little guy that stays in my motel room there, and. . . ."

"Hunker!" Frances says, and he leaves. Before the outside door closes behind him, she is in the bathroom.

"Feel under my T-shirt, Mr. Kinghammer," she says into the ear she is chewing a hickey on. "Aren't I nice, all that bare skin? For some reason, my left bosom is sexier than my right bosom. Kiss the left bosom. Like that. Like. . . ." Nervous or horny or whatever, she can't stop talking even while we are tearing each other's clothes off. "There's this kid back in school that sent for this book that came in a plain brown wrapper, Mr. Kinghammer. About this girl from the

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"See anything you'd like to nibble on for dessert?"

baby
doll

Gloria "Toots" Ruderman is probably every guy's dream girl. At just five feet tall and perfectly proportioned, she could make even Caspar Milquetoast feel like Chuck Atlas in five minutes. "I really enjoy being tiny," says Toots. "It means I go out with more men. So many guys that are exceptionally handsome, aren't very tall. But every guy wants to take out a tiny girl, even if he's a giant. Most short guys, though, don't want to date tall girls. So I get the pick of all the men around. One time I went to a party my girlfriend gave. She's five feet, ten inches tall and is secretary of the Tall Club. Most of the people at the party were members of the club. At first I felt like a midget, especially when my girlfriend kept dragging all of the short guys over to meet me. I could tell she was trying to save the tall men for herself and all her tall girlfriends. I never realized until then how lucky I was to be short. After a while, the tall guys at the party began to notice me and I wound up going home with one of them. I have had some fantastic relationships with tall men, except for when I bring out their paternal

instincts. One thing that really turns me off is to be patted on the head. I want to be treated like a woman, not a little girl. Sometimes it's hard for me to get a guy to take me seriously. Because I'm so small, everything seems like a joke. There are a few other problems about being short and relating to men. I was once dating this real he-man type who was about six feet, two inches. We were very much in love, but

he was embarrassed by me. He thought he looked silly with me. He said that for a big man like him to cater to a little thing like me made him look unmasculine. He was a real Dr. Jekyll. When we were in bed he was the most considerate, most loving and giving guy in the world, but he would refuse to be even polite when we were out somewhere. I eventually got tired of his insincerity and called the whole thing off.

"Another problem with being short is buying clothes. They have stores for tall girls and fat girls, but there just isn't a special place for short girls to shop. I often have to buy my clothes in the teenage or pre-teenage departments at large stores. And then it's really hard to find somthing sexy that's made for a thirteen-year-old. The one thing I'm lucky with though is my feet. I wear a size four-B and that's the size that all the sample shoes are made in. I love to wear boots and can get all kinds of really groovy suede and leather styles for very little money because they're samples. Lots of the men I know think there's something very erotic about boots. I even have one boyfriend that likes to make love to me while I'm wearing leather boots and nothing else. I don't mind catering to a man's likes and dislikes as far as sex is concerned because I want him to do what I want too. I've done almost everything there is to do, sexually speaking, and I don't mind admitting that I've gotten some sort of charge out of even the most far out things. But I'm still learning. To me, everything erotic is fun. And the guy who makes me happiest is the one who has the most imagination in the bedroom. There's nothing like trying a new sex act to brighten up your life. It always works for me."

BOSOM TALK

BY JACK BENJAMIN

HER BREAST SPEAKS A LANGUAGE ALL ITS OWN! THE ANGLE OF HER NIPPLE, THE GOOSE BUMPS ON HER LOVE PILLOWS CAN BE READ AS EASILY AS BRAILLE LETTERS! WHEN HER FINGERS CARESS HER BREASTS SHE MAY BE SAYING, "TAKE ME!" YOU CAN MISS THIS EROTIC MESSAGE AND OTHERS IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO INTERPRET BOSOM TALK.

Much has been written recently concerning the "language of the body," and its various parts that have sexual connotations. Psychologists and medical researchers have pointed out hundreds of unconscious "giveaway" gestures, glances, and attitudes that all of us use without being aware that we are sending clear messages to those about us.

One of the least researched and discussed is the female bosom, which, like all other sexually symbolic parts of a woman's body, also gives off very succinct and unmistakable messages.

The way a woman caresses her own breasts can reveal her secret sexual desires.

It is relatively easy, for example, to tell when a woman with nicely rounded, fair-sized breasts wants to impress a man with them. And, in observing her get her message across, one can learn a lot about the woman's opinion of her own most alluring features.

For instance, watch a woman as she is engaged in some mundane act: for example, at her desk in an office filled with fellow employees of the same sex. She may normally sit slumped over, paying little attention to her posture, almost playing down her bustline. Then, watch her "send messages" to a male in whom she is interested.

As he enters the office, she'll sit erect, throwing her shoulders back and jutting her breasts forward. This not only tells the male, "Look at my nice breasts!" but it also reveals the fact that the woman herself is aware of their appeal and superior shape, and that she will consistently flaunt them before a male she is trying to impress, especially when other women are around.

This is in contrast to a woman who, for instance, has trim, shapely, sexy legs. In her case, she would find some excuse to rise, move about, and draw the male's attention to them. A woman who has a shapely bottom would doubtless be wearing short skirts—even miniskirts. She would move so that her rear was exposed to the male, so

that her bottom's outlines would be most impressive.

The same applies in a sense, to the movements of her shoulders, arms and chest, that a woman with large, well-shaped breasts might make. First, of course, she would doubtless be wearing the obvious clothing to enhance her charms. This could be a low-cut dress or a very sheer blouse, or if she is the no-bra type, a tight-fitting sweater.

Many women realize instinctively that the sight of their nipples pushing against a tightly clinging material is very exciting to a man, just as most of the female body is much more exciting if partially covered by clothing of some sort.

Such a woman learns the gestures and movements that bring her breasts into prominence and catch a man's eye. Seemingly innocent little gestures are very effective, and they even add a touch of naivetē and coyness that men find especially charming. For example, a typist at her desk might, when the boss (in whom she is sexually interested) enters, sit erect, throw her shoulders back and stretch her arms wide, flexing the shoulder blades, meanwhile yawning, or making an innocent remark about a cramp, or how tired she is from assuming the same position for hours. Of course, this throws her breasts into sharp relief, and if she knows the proper brassiere to wear, it can be most revealing as to the shape and size of her bust.

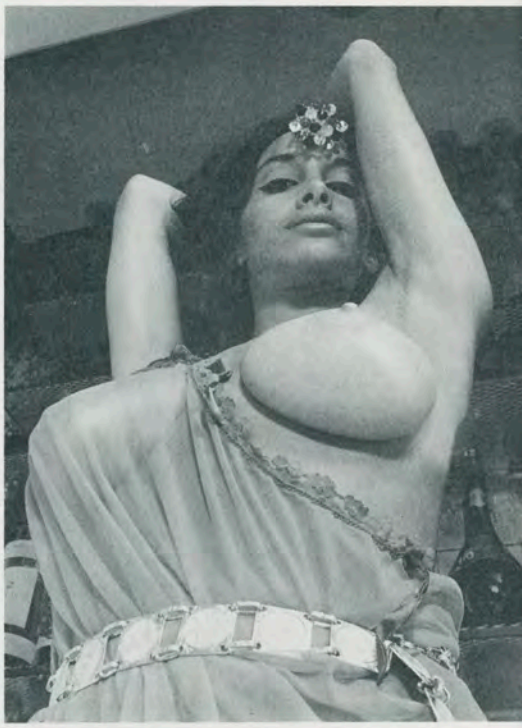
Girls with nice breasts often buy brassieres that are made of very sheer material and which almost—*but not quite*—reveal the outline of the nipple, even through a blouse or sweater. These bras also allow a good view of the flow of the flesh of the breasts as a woman moves, and again, the allure of the almost-seen has a powerful effect on the alert male.

Along these same lines, the more aggressive woman of today who knows she has nice breasts will often buy a bra that has the section that cover the nipples cut out completely. This has a double advantage, in that it not only provides the uplift that most large-breasted women need, but it gives an added sexiness by revealing the nipple pressing against the material of her blouse, dress or sweater!

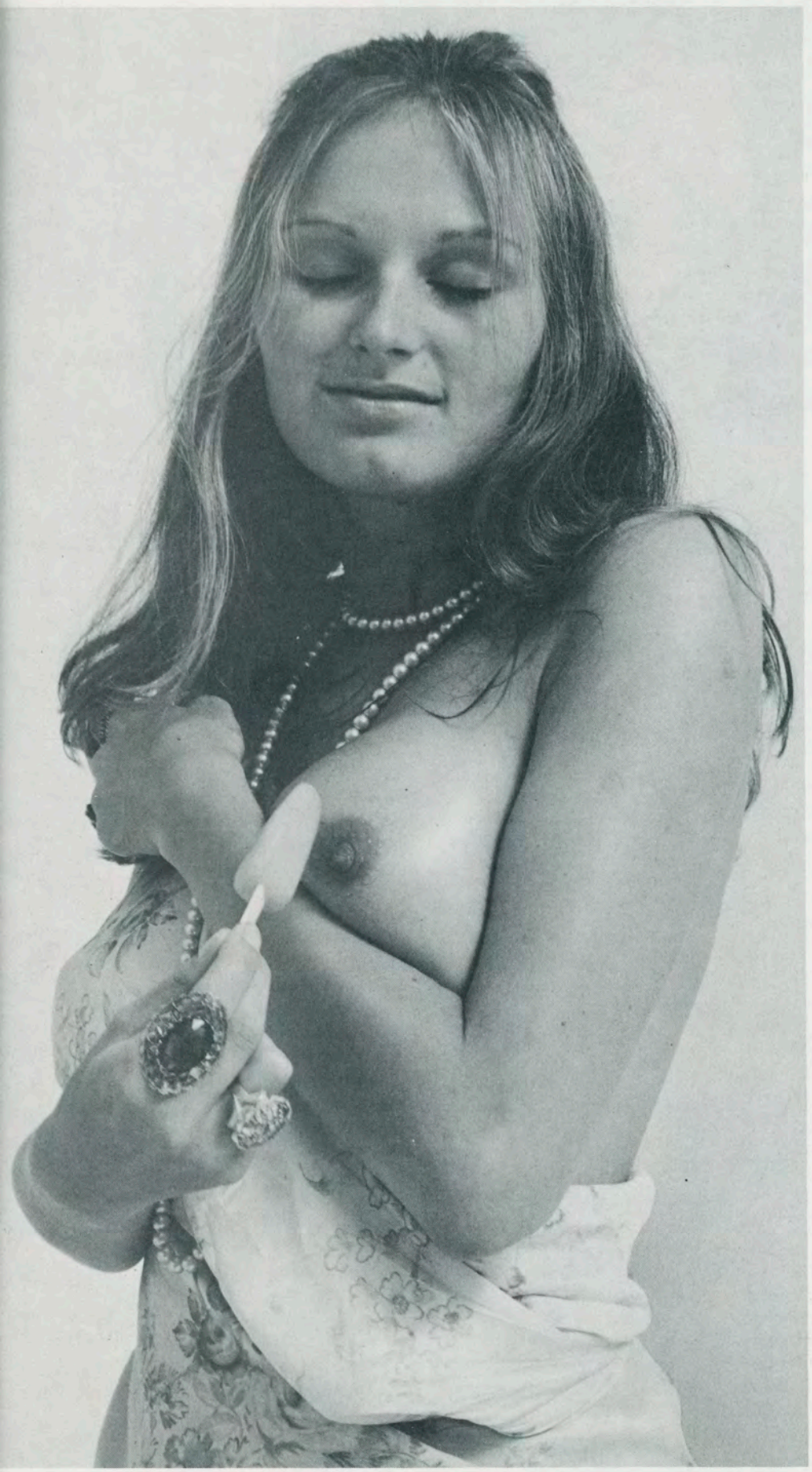
With the many types of padding that are available, women who do not need any such aids are extra proud of their natural equipment and anxious to make the point that "what you see is what you get!" By wearing bras that are merely sheer material with no padding and a minimum of contour sewing, she can allow her breasts an almost unfettered freedom of movement.

Many persons think that it is only the single girl who uses "body language," but psychologists know better. Recently, researchers have dealt far more with marital sex problems than ever before, and it is not surprising that American women are well aware of the man-shortage. Today's wife is not letting any opportunity pass to make herself more alluring and sexually exciting to her husband than his secretary, her best friend, or the woman next door.

Almost every married man will recall how many times his wife has asked, "Unhook my bra, honey," or the reverse: "Will you hook my bra, dear?" The message here is a subtle but very effective one. She is saying: "Use the old chain of thought, dear. Think what is under the bra. It's all yours, sweetheart, and all that stands between you and my luscious breasts is a little old hook arrangement."



The girls in the pictures at the right are all experts in the art of bosom talk. Holding your arms above your head (top) pulls up a large bosom and shows it off to its best advantage. Cupping your breasts while lying down (center) keeps them from flattening out in an unattractive manner. Many women know that an erect nipple is a sign of sexual arousal, so they will tweak their own nipples into erection (bottom) as a signal to their lover that they are ready.



A close friend of the writer's is the chief designer of brassieres for one of the largest manufacturers on the West Coast. During a conversation concerning the "body language of the breast," he grinned at me archly and said, in answer to my question about why bra fasteners were always at the back: "Because women want them there, of course. We have put out several styles with the catch in the front, carefully concealed, so the woman can dress and undress her own bosom very easily. But they don't sell. Women *want* men to be aware of their most enchanting and exciting features, and the breast is one of the most exciting. Therefore, draw the man's attention to them, any way you can. And what more obvious way for a married woman to remind her husband that she has enticing breasts, than to have him hook or unhook her bra?"

It is a published fact that the average size of the American woman's bust is 35 inches. Yet millions of women seem to feel that it is quantity that counts where sexual attraction is concerned. They swarm to the bra departments, madly buying brassieres that are padded to make the woman appear to have a bust three or four inches larger than it is!

But the wise woman "makes do." That is, she does the most with what she has by using them to speak volumes in terms of enticement and appeal. She realizes that a woman's total shape—the balance and relevance of measurements, one to the other, is what makes a woman shapely. In other words, she knows that if she is five-two and weighs 110 pounds, she will only succeed in looking misshapen if she buys a bra that makes her appear to have a 44-inch bust!

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Another way that a woman's nipple becomes erect is when it is exposed to cold. As a sign to her lover that she is ready for sex, a woman may purposely expose her nipple to something cold, like a popsicle (left).

no way to turn

BY MAURIE GOODMAN

THE HORRIBLE THINGS THAT CAN HAPPEN TO HITCHHIKERS OR TO THE PEOPLE WHO PICK THEM UP—THEY WERE ALL COMING TRUE AT ONCE.

Ahead of Brad there was only the darkness pierced by the white headlights of the expensive car he was driving. A thick fog had begun to roll in, blanketing the countryside with its impenetrable mist to lend an eerie quality to the shadowed shapes and things beyond the realm of the headlights.

A sudden chill shivered Brad's slight frame as he lit one of the few cigarettes he had left. He inhaled

deeply, savoring the rasp of acrid smoke against his dry palate because it momentarily took his mind off that which was troubling him. As he exhaled, however, he again wondered what he was going to do about the dead body in the trunk of the car.

Two hours before, he had been just another hitchhiker making his aimless way from one town to another. The man who owned the car Brad now drove had stopped and offered him a ride. But, as soon as Brad had started to enter the car, the man had pulled a switchblade knife on him and threatened to kill him if he didn't give him whatever money he might have had. Brad had pretended to go along with it, though he wondered even then why a man driving such a luxury car would resort to such a thing. And then the man had been momentarily distracted by the headlights of a passing car, Brad had grabbed him by the wrist and tried to twist the knife free of his grasp.

The struggle had been a short one. Though thin and wiry, he was possessed of surprising strength. When it was over, the would-be knifer was lying dead on the floor of the car, his own knife plunged hilt-deep into his throat.

Brad's first thought was to drive right to the closest police station, which was located in a small town less than sixty miles away. But he was then taken with the fearful realization that the authorities might not believe his version of what had happened. In his youth, he had once been convicted of aggravated assault. Then, too, he had gotten in trouble while in the army when he had been confined to the stockade for three months, found guilty of striking a superior officer. With these two recorded acts of violence on his record, a record the police would most certainly unearth, Brad began to wonder whether or not the authorities would believe his act had been one of self defense. Was it possible, he wondered, that he might find himself charged with murder?

After an hour of such rumination, Brad stuck the corpse into the trunk of the car. He had decided to leave it there while he drove around trying to determine which course of action he would pursue.

He was just stubbing his cigarette into the dashboard ashtray when he saw the two huddled figures standing on the shoulder of the highway. They were enveloped by the fog and would have been invisible had not the road made a slight curve where they stood, causing the glare of the headlights to illuminate them. Compassionately, Brad braked his car to a stop.

"Where you headed?" he asked, rolling down the electrically operated window opposite him.

It was a young man and woman. Neither one of them looked to be out of their teens. "Hey, man, we're headed wherever you're going," the boy answered, smiling. "It's getting cold out here."

"Don't be so damn selfish . . . Introduce her!"

Brad studied the two of them for another moment. The girl had her arms wrapped around her chest and was moving her weight from one foot to the other, shivering all the while. "Tell you what," Brad said, unlocking the door to the passenger's side of the car, "you drive for a while. Okay? I've got a heavy load on my mind, and I'm tired to boot."

"Sure, anything you say, man," the boy answered, jogging around the front of the car to Brad's side.

The girl got into the front seat. "Thank you very much," she said, her voice not much more than a breathless whisper.

She was wearing no more than a cotton blouse and a faded pair of denim bellbottoms. Her full breasts swayed back and forth as she entered the car. For a moment, Brad wondered how they would look without a blouse covering them. Then, with a sigh, he crawled over the seat and jumped into the back.

The boy shifted the car into gear and pulled off the shoulder onto the roadway. "Sure was nice of you to give us a lift, mister," he said, hunching forward so that he could squint a better view of the misty haze ahead. "There ain't been but two cars pass this way since it got dark, and neither one of them even slowed down when they saw us."

"Yeah," the girl said, turning so that she faced Brad. "Everyone seems to think hitchhikers are all a bunch of weirdos. Know what I mean?"

Brad had stretched himself out as comfortably as he could, considering his lanky frame. "I suppose so," he replied, resting his head against the palms of his hands. "I think that everybody is just a little uptight these days."

"Mind if we smoke?" the boy asked.

Brad shook his head. "Nope. Why do you ask?"

"Timmy isn't talking about regular brands," the girl said, smiling back at Brad.

He studied her face. In many ways, she was quite pretty. "Oh . . . I see," he replied. "Sure . . . why not? If you want to get high, it's all

right with me. I don't dig it, personally. But, I can't down anyone who does."

"That's cool," young Timmy said.

He reached into his shirt pocket and withdrew a hand-rolled cigarette. "Put some fire to it, Marlou," he said, handing the joint to the girl.

She put the entire cigarette into her mouth, then rolled it out slowly between her lips to dampen it and make it burn more slowly. As she lit a match and held it to the end of the joint, her features became more perceivable to Brad. She had dark, short-cropped hair that would probably have curled around each side of her head in a feathered style had the mist not dampened it so that it now clung limply about her ears and the nape of her neck. Her nose tipped upward, giving her a saucy look. Easily, the most sensual thing about her face was her lips. Full and ripe, they looked like fruit eager to be tasted. "This is really good shit," she said, taking a deep drag off the cigarette. "You sure you don't want some?"

Brad shook his head. "Nope. But, thanks anyway."

Turning, Marlou rested her head against the back of the front seat. Timmy turned the radio on and twisted the dial until he'd found a rock station. The car was suddenly filled with the frenetic sound of a feverish rock group playing a cacophony of discordance only devout lovers of such dissonance could appreciate. Brad closed his eyes. Perhaps the smell of marijuana blended with the sound of rock music would wash away the thoughts that had again begun to plague him.

Some time later, Brad wasn't quite sure because he'd been so lost in his own thoughts, Marlou sat up and turned around to look at him. "Mind if I get in back with you?" she asked, pursing her lips.

"Why?" was all that Brad could think to say.

"She wants to thank you, man," Timmy said for the girl. "Kick back and dig it. She's a fox!"

"You . . . uh . . . you don't have to thank me," Brad said. "I mean, getting in back here . . . that isn't necessary."

But she had already begun to scramble back toward him. "Hey, I want to!" she exclaimed. "You're a righteous dude. I want to do it!"

"Yeah, man," Timmy said again. "Kick back and dig it!"

As soon as she was sitting on the edge of the seat with her hip resting against Brad's crotch, she pulled her blouse up over her head. She wasn't wearing a brassiere. That had been obvious from the moment she'd entered the car. What hadn't been so obvious was the size of her nipples. Though ripe and full, with no sag at all, Marlou's succulent melons weren't half as big as they should have been to accommodate her enormous nipples. Both of the protuberances were as wide around as a baby's palm. Not quite a chocolate color, they were tipped by rubbery nubs as thick as Brad's little fingers. As she struggled with the snaps at the front of her bellbottoms, Marlou occasionally pinched each nipple to make it remain tautly agitated. "Most guys like to suck on 'em," she whispered, her eyes heavy lidded from the effects of the marijuana. "You can, too, if you like."

Brad was slightly embarrassed. But, that didn't keep his manhood from growing thicker and harder with each passing second. "You really don't have to . . . ," he started.

Smiling, the girl leaned down to push the top of one of her breasts against Brad's mouth, interrupting him and stopping him from making any more verbal efforts to dissuade her from what she so obviously intended doing. Brad instinctively opened his mouth wider. Tasting the soft, warm flesh, he began to lap over and around the distended nipple with the flat of his tongue.

"Do it, man," Marlou murmured soothingly, as she began to rub the palm of her hand over his crotch. "Wow! You've really got one, haven't you?"

Quickly, then, she unzipped the front of Brad's slacks and slid her hand beneath his undershorts. Gripping his manhood in one hand, she used the other to remove her bellbottoms. She wasn't wearing panties. Her naked buttocks appeared as two smooth snowcones. The dark V of her young womanhood held the musky scent of a woman eager for sex play.

Reaching forward, Brad cupped her pubis and moved his forefinger into the folds of flesh that guarded her dewy entrance. She was wet with impatience!

By now, Marlou had managed to pull Brad's slacks down past his hips. Laughing like a child, she faced him in a squatting position. Then, slowly, she began to lower herself toward his upraised stem. "It's gonna feel good," she cooed, placing her mouth against his throat. "You'll see. I'm going to make it good for you."

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"This is a great place to eat, if you don't mind lousy food."

GISSELLE

BORN JUST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN FRANCE, GISSELLE GOLENTEUIL IS ALREADY A WOMAN OF THE WORLD. SHE HAS BEEN IN THE UNITED STATES ONLY TWO YEARS AND HER ACCENT IS A CHARMING BLEND OF FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND ENGLISH. "OF ALL THE COUNTRIES AND PLACES THAT I HAVE LIVED, I LIKE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THE BEST. WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THE UNITED STATES, I LIVED IN NEW YORK CITY. I WAS VERY LONELY, EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE THERE. THEN I MOVED TO WASHINGTON, D.C., AND GOT A JOB WORKING FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE. I THOUGHT I'D BE HAPPIER THERE BECAUSE I WAS MOSTLY LONELY FOR FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP AND I HAD HEARD THAT WASHINGTON WAS A TOWN FULL OF WOMEN. THAT IS TRUE. THE ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT ALL THE WOMEN IN WASHINGTON ARE PRIMARILY INTERESTED ONLY IN RELATIONSHIPS WITH MEN. I LIVED IN A

LARGE HOUSE WITH THREE OTHER GIRLS IN GEORGETOWN. YOU WOULD THINK THAT THE GIRLS WOULD BE COMPANY FOR ME, BUT THEY WEREN'T. AND THE STREETS OF WASHINGTON ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS FOR A WOMAN THAN THE STREETS IN NEW YORK CITY. I WAS FRIGHTENED ALL THE TIME I LIVED THERE. I WAS HOMESICK, TOO. THE PART OF FRANCE I COME FROM IS NEAR BORDEAUX, IN THE BEAUTIFUL WINE COUNTRY. I PROBABLY WOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT FRANCE IF I HADN'T BEEN SO INVOLVED WITH THE STUDENT REBELLION IN 1968. I WAS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BORDEAUX, A SOPHOMORE, WHEN THE ANTI-DE GAULLE MOVEMENT BEGAN. THE WHOLE THING WAS VERY MOVING AND I JOINED IN WITH THE REBELLION. AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, THE STUDENT REBELLION SPREAD TO THE WORKERS WHO SEIZED THE PLANTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY. BY THE TIME THINGS SETTLED DOWN, I HAD MISSED TOO MUCH SCHOOLWORK TO

MAKE IT UP. AND I WASN'T AS INTERESTED IN BECOMING A SCHOOLTEACHER AFTER I GOT A CLOSE LOOK AT HOW THE SCHOOLS WERE BEING RUN. EVEN AFTER THE STUDENTS GOT SOME VOICE IN RUNNING THE UNIVERSITY AND THE FACULTY WAS GIVEN MORE POWER OVER POLICIES, DE GAULLE WAS STILL A POWERFUL DICTATOR-TYPE PRESIDENT. I TRAVELLED AROUND EUROPE FOR A YEAR WITH A SLEEPING BAG, STAYING IN YOUTH HOSTELS, THEN I CAME TO THE UNITED STATES. THE REASON I DECIDED TO MOVE TO CALIFORNIA WAS BECAUSE OF THE GRAPES. I THOUGHT THAT I WOULD FEEL MORE AT HOME WHERE THERE ARE WINEGROWERS AND GRAPES THAN ANYWHERE ELSE. AND I DO. I HAVE STARTED A SMALL DRESS DESIGNING BUSINESS AND I SELL THE THINGS I MAKE TO SEVERAL BOUTIQUES IN THE AREA. I ENJOY MAKING SOMETHING WITH MY HANDS AND I LIKE THE FREEDOM TO CREATE THAT I HAVE. AMERICAN MEN ARE REALLY MUCH NICER THAN EUROPEAN MEN WHO STILL BELIEVE ALL WOMEN BELONG IN THE KITCHEN. I HOPE TO MARRY AN AMERICAN MAN AND STAY IN THE U.S.A. FOREVER."

The Bet

BY MILT ROSEN

BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, THE SECOND RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD HAD AGREED TO AN OUTRAGEOUS ONE BILLION DOLLAR WAGER WITH THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD—TO SEE WHO COULD FIND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF BREASTS IN EXISTENCE.

Socrates Korbes stepped aboard the yacht and shook hands warmly with his dear friend Vrenti Tarbor. "It is good that we are in Nice together," he said. "I want to see your new Rembrandt."

"It was good of you to accept my invitation," said Vrenti Tarbor.

Shorter than his Armenian friend, who could be described in all directions only by the word "immense," Socrates Korbes had to move faster to keep up with the way Vrenti Tabor barged toward the sitting room halfway down the length of the 150-foot yacht.

Once inside the sitting room, both men relaxed on the luxurious

golden sofa. Vrenti Tabor signaled the beverage attendant behind the curved mahogany bar. Quickly the attendant poured drinks, a Bolshoi vodka on the rocks for Korbes and a glass of brooding Pouilly Fume for the host. With no wasted motion, the beverage waitress swept up the drinks and brought them forward. She placed them on the Italian marble table that stood forcefully in front of the couch.

"To your new Rembrandt," Korbes toasted.

"I drink to your recent Titian and the Franz Hals." Tarbor toasted back.

"Didn't I mention the Raphael?" asked Korbes.

"You've acquired another Raphael?"

Nodding, Korbes said off-hand, "In London. Two million pounds." He sipped his drink, tongued the deep potato flavor, and urged his heavy body forward, "Come, let me see the Rembrandt."

"Certainly." Tarbor flipped a switch on the intercom to the right of the sofa. "Floynes, bring in the Rembrandt." Turning back to his friend, "It's a beautiful piece. Absolutely lovely. I'd say it makes our collections equal in value now."

"Probably," said Korbes.

The door opened. An attendant in one of Tarbor's privately designed sea uniforms entered with a silver display easel which he set up in view of the two men. Behind him, carrying a large wooden case with handles on each end, two men walked in carefully. Pushing a button on the case so that four legs sprang out, the case became a table. Tarbor got up. He walked to the case. Deftly, he turned its combination lock. A click and the case was open. Donning a second pair of gloves, as if the first pair had been somehow contaminated, the carriers took out a framed canvas perhaps two feet high and three feet wide. They placed it on the easel and stepped back. Rembrandt's colors and perfection of design leapt from the canvas almost blinding the viewers with their beauty. Gulping, Korbes said finally, "It is rare. It is beauty. What more can we collect?"

A little sadly, Tarbor nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. We have myriad canvases. Another would only be duplication."

"How true. It is the same with our sculpture. And our stamp collections." He nodded toward the bar attendant, his nod indicating a desire for a second drink. "First editions, I have a museum of them."

"So do I."

"What other aspects of beauty can be collected?"

"Operas? Symphonies? We've commissioned so many of them."

"We have so much money. Vrenti, my good friend, I received a financial statement the other day. I am worth two billion pounds. Five billion dollars. Ridiculous!" Korbes accepted the drink from the waitress with a smile. His eyes swept across her cleavage. He sat back suddenly. "Vrenti, my friend, I believe I have an idea. We have sought beauty, you and I. Let us find it in the human form. I believe that I can collect the most beautiful pair of breasts in the world."

"I detect a wager in your voice," said Tarbor. "If so, I accept. One billion dollars, is that all right with you?"

"Fine. Let us meet here one year from tonight at this very hour with the most beautiful breasts in the world."

"But how will we gauge them? Shall we hire some famous sculptors to judge?"

"No," said Korbes. "We are honest men, we can judge ourselves. We will seek the breasts most pleasing to the eye, most sensuous to the touch, most tasteful to our lips. We will know the winner."

"Done!" said Tarbor.

The search started that evening. Since he owned a huge telegraphic facility, Korbes sent a fifty-page wire to each of his agents in cities across the world. He outlined the contest and promised an unforgettable bonus to the man or woman who found a winning entry for him.

Tarbor gathered his agents together by phone. On a two-hundred-extension phone network, he too outlined the conditions and promised that the person who helped him would live the rest of his life in the utmost luxury. In addition, knowing that his wife, a beauty still in her twenties, was given to adventures with other women, he offered her the largest gem in the world if she could best his opponent.

Korbes received his first entries two weeks later as he sat aboard his yacht "La Sylphide" in Majorca. He had had a small salon outfitted for the purpose of study. It was lit with a tempting pink flow of light. The walls were satined in bright red. Trying to hide his boyish enthusiasm, Korbes sat back and quivered as the first girl entered. She removed the silken robe in which she had been cloaked. Tiny, hardly five feet tall, she stood proudly expanding her amply endowed breasts even further. The size of large oranges, they fit her symmetry perfectly. Curved gently, each one blended its curves into a splendid circle of cerise crowned by a pointed nipple that seemed to beckon like a tiny finger.

The girl's name was Juana and she came from one of the islands that dot the Caribbean. That she was special was obvious from the fact that even though she was only nineteen, she had already been the mistress of two island dictators. Korbes moved toward her. He played his fingers against her soft coffee skin and cupped the breasts in his hands. They floated like feathers to his touch. Bending over, he tasted the nipples. Then he pulled back. The graining of the nipple was sandy to the tip of his tongue. She would not do.

Tanitika was the second entry. Tall and ebony black, she stood gloriously in front of Korbes. He felt a throbbing between his legs as if this were a delight he must have. However, he braced himself against this digression. He must not allow himself to be diverted. Tanitika had a thirty-eight-inch breast, most of it in the mounds of heavenly flesh. The red nipples, browned by the nearness of her ebony pillows, sat in the middle of the circle of the mounds like medals for some sexual endeavors. But when he felt the breasts, Korbes could hardly conceal his disappointment. The skin was rippled, uneven, the rough

graining previously hidden from him by the darkness of the skin. He kissed the lovely Tanitika and dismissed her.

Mary Ann, the third entry, burst into the room with an ebullience that somehow fit with the fact that she was from California in the United States and at the age of twenty-six was already the highest priced call girl in the history of the State. Korbes rushed to touch her cantaloupe-sized breasts.

"Suck them if you really want to get your kicks," Mary Ann said.

Korbes did so. Then, puzzled, he felt them. Angrily, he ordered her out of the room. Silicone, even perfectly formed, is still silicone. Disappointed for the moment but hopeful because of the many wonders that lay ahead, Korbes wired a thank-you note to the agents who had sent the young ladies and proceeded to get dressed for a large dinner party he was throwing for a Spanish nobleman.

Vrenti Tarbor had no better luck with the first batch sent to him. His agent in Ankara, confusing the love of size for beauty had sent a young lady from one of the provinces with an immense pair of breasts. They measured well over forty-five inches. But unfortunately, they had a tendency to sag. An otherwise pair of perfect breasts sent in by his Italian agent were marred only by lumpiness to the touch. And the young lady from Singapore, Eurasian with the best qualities of both continents, was perhaps two millimeters too small to be perfect. He had almost accepted her after tasting her. Running his tongue across her soft skin and the rills of her nipples, he had experienced feelings in every part of his body, feelings at nerve endings never before touched.

For a year the search went on. Sparing no cost, Korbes would dispatch an emissary to the most remote corners of the earth at the slightest hint of incomparable breasts. Once, he even parachuted an agent into an inaccessible mountain village high in the Andes because of a story overheard in a bar in Lima. A hint from a Welsh actor aboard the yacht one night started an expedition to a section of Afghanistan never before seen by the Western eye.

The accountant in charge of recording the cost of the search came up with a price of twenty-seven million dollars for only the first six months of the venture. Money had to be spent. Contracts had to be drawn. Beautiful bodies had to be bought and did not come cheaply. In one case, Korbes had had to spend five million dollars before he could see the entry. It was reported that the daughter of a highly important public official in England had a divine bosom. Before she would bare them, Korbes had to draw up the check to help pay off the taxes on the family estates. A divine bosom it had been. But a tiny scar under the fold of the right breast, the remains of a childhood accident, had spoiled the chance for British nobility.

Tarbor's labors and expenses approximated those of his friend. He too sent out expensive expeditions at the merest rumor. To free a beauty from the grip of the ruler of a certain country, he had financed a successful revolution in that country. Thirty thousand casualties hardly were justified by the sought-after bosom which turned out to be more rumor than tissue. They were not ugly breasts, in fact, beautiful. But not heavenly.

Tarbor also spent many days and nights reviewing his thousands of reels of sexually explicit films, many of which he had participated in as a young man. Sixty now, he performed more privately. Having hired beautiful women, glorious courtesans of all nations, he thought that in the reviewing he would find a worthy entry. He found many entries, many worthy. But not *the* entry.

His wife was a constant source of comfort to him. On many a day when he received no entry, he could count on his wife to deliver up her most recent plaything. Often, she would invite him to see a performance in the hope that the titil-

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FRIENDLY FELINE

Katherine Bularan comes from a long line of gypsies. "My grandmother was a fortune teller, and the whole family has psychic powers," says Kathie. At twenty-two, she is the first female in her family to move out of the family home without being married. "At first, everybody thought it was a scandal. My relatives all said that either I was moving out so that I could be promiscuous or that my mother had thrown me out because I already was. That's how old-fashioned and backward my family is. They are really from the old country and their values haven't changed that much. I have aunts who have never had capri pants on because they think that all women should wear skirts. People have always thought of gypsies as being wild and sexual, but the truth is that they're very prudish." When we asked Katherine about her own psychic powers and whether she ever used them on the men in her life she said, "Of course I have them, and of course I use them, but so do all women. It's just that I'm more aware of my powers and know when I'm using them. How do you think women get men to do the things they do?"

Katherine says that being raised around gypsies gives a girl some strange, almost supernatural feelings. "I judge a man the minute I look into his eyes. I know whether he's basically a good person or not. It's an aura. My grandmother told fortunes that way. Sure, she had the crystal ball and the cards, but mostly she could tell about a person's life just by looking at their face or their hands. Scientists are just beginning to study the fact that a person gives off an aura or electrical current. There are classes at several universities in ESP and developing your sensitivity to other people's auras. Eselan holds a summer workshop each year in reading vibrations and other impulses people put out." Katherine believes in reincarnation, too. "Although my family is very Catholic, they still cling to the old beliefs as far as reincarnation and other past lives are concerned. My grandmother once told me that

in a former life I had been a lynx. Then she said she saw me as an Egyptian princess once. But mostly she said I was a lynx. She told me that the cat in me was very strong and that if I weren't careful to control it, the cat would take over my body and my mind. I was really afraid for many years that I would turn into a cat and I watched myself in the mirror all the time. I still find myself standing naked in front of the mirror every once in a while, watching to make sure I haven't taken on some animal form. My grandmother is dead now and I have her crystal ball. She left it to me. I tried many times to see things in it but so far have been unsuccessful. My aunt who claims she is a witch says that the reason I can't see anything in the ball is that it isn't mine, it's still being loyal to the spirit of my dead grandmother." Although Katherine has a lot of ties with the past, she's looking for a modern guy. "One who can see things more ways than one, and who doesn't shock easily," she says.

THE BRA, ITS UPS AND DOWNS

Girls with large, heavy breasts are usually better off with bras that have wires under the cups for extra support.

BY SAM MERWIN

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BRA, DEDICATED TO EVERY MAN WHO HAS EVER BEEN FOOLED BY ONE, TO EVERY MAN WHO HAS EVER LOST HIS COOL TRYING TO UNHOOK ONE, AND TO EVERY GIRL WHO IS THROWING HERS AWAY.

More and more American women today are doing without the brassiere. While the Women's Liberation Movement is triumphantly claiming credit for this growing feedom from bosom encroachment, the real reasons for the girls letting their bosoms hang (or float) free stem from a complex of motives, many of which have nothing to do with the current hot concept of female freedom from the dominance of the male.

One advantage to this style bra is easy access.

Some hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of our brave braless ladies have dropped their superstructural lingerie into the Good Will bins for the simple reason that they feel better without them. Others have done, or are doing so because, in actuality, they have insufficient mammary development to require such support.

Still, give the Libwomen credit for much of a developing distaste for cramped bosoms that is causing grave concern among brassiere manufactuers, distributors and retailers from coast to coast. If the Libbies hadn't got the word around, the girls simply wouldn't have thought of dropping their breast containers. Or they might have lacked the nerve to do so.

Consider the fact that the brassiere industry is both big and well entrenched. Females have long been propagandized into bra-consciousness almost from the cradle. Ever since the late Thirties, that ludicrous monstrosity known as the Training Bra has been adorning the breastless upper torso of infants both at the beach and in the playgrounds.

"Isn't it adorable?" was the insidious comment. "She looks just like mom."

Looking grown up (either like mom or not) is a siren call few sub-ten-year-olds can resist. And it prepared millions of American little girls psychologically for lifelong servitude to the bra-makers.

If the shift toward bralessness has not eliminated the training bra, it has put a sizable crimp in its annual sales. The manufacturers are concerned, insisting that bralessness is just a passing fancy. Still, more than one of them has privately confessed a fear that the fad, like those past crazes thus labeled, like the automobile and the talking film, may prove less ephemeral than they hope.

At the time the blow fell, brassieres in America had attained both peak efficiency and peak complexity and variety. For big-breasted women, they were triumphs of cantilevered engineering, guaranteed to lift the heaviest bosom from navel level to the upper pectoral regions. For girls and women whose breasts were small or non-existent, they of-

fered a plentitude of goodies, albeit synthetic when the wearer dropped everything with serious love-making in view.

In fact, the age of the bra, if it is really close to its conclusion, has been a brief one as such things go. The corset, for example, dates all the way back to ancient Crete, circa 1800 B.C., and has only in recent decades given away to the two-way-stretch elastic girdle, pantie or full length.

During the long pre-bra centuries, aid for the underdeveloped woman took the form of padded bodice or simply of wadded fabric thrust inside the same garment to deceive the questing male eye into believing that there was more beneath the surface than was actually there.

Some wonder, our great-grandfathers called such subterfuges "gay deceivers!"

The first actual brassiere was the creation of an immigrant Russian-Jewish seamstress named Hannah Cohen, who conceived and executed the concept on her own sewing machine in, of all places, Hoboken, New Jersey. She was smart enough to apply for and obtain a patent on her creation and profited hugely thereby for the rest of her days. The date of her great achievement was 1913.

Thus, should 1973 prove to be Doomsday for the bra, it will have been with us a mere sixty years.

In Edwardian times, when huge bosoms were socially in demand, the corset did the job, along with well-padded *poitrines*. But it is hard to conceive of the emergence of the monster bustlines of the Fifties and Sixties without the bra to keep things up where they belonged. Plastic surgical "breast jobs" had been perfected by then, but a majority of American women have never been enthusiastic about actually tampering with their flesh.

Besides, even the costliest custom-made bras were one hell of a lot cheaper than an operation.

Judging from the number of attractive and well-manned maids visible on the streets of American towns and cities today, high-rise superstructures on the feminine form appear to be decreasingly in demand. Mercifully, there has been no recurrence of the "boyish" silhouette of the Roaring Twenties, but the high, firm Diana-type bust seems to be "in" in preference to the Fertility Goddess ultra-amplitude of recent decades.

More important, these smaller, far trimmer versions of the bosom currently so visible fill skintight T-shirts or halters minus any other form of support. No one has yet devised a bra that will be actually invisible under a snug fitting T-shirt or any of the myriad varieties of see-through blouses presently being worn.

As more than one free-swinging young female of today has explained, "A bra would spoil the whole nude effect. It wouldn't look real."

Lithe and willowy and intensely female rather than feminine—those are the current catchwords for the torso of the onetime second sex. But not all women of any age are fortunate enough to be equipped in accord with *Vogue* Magazine's guidelines of 1969 to the effect that the ideal female breast was one which would fit snugly but handily inside a regulation champagne glass.

For the girls whose top tape-measures above thirty-five inches, bralessness brings a whole new set of problems. The root of their difficulty lies in exactly the same fundamental problem that has plagued airplane designers and manufacturers since the days of the Wright brothers and their first heavier-than-air flight.

This problem is the force of gravity, which continually pulls downward all objects within its range of attraction.

The heavier the object, the greater the pull, and the female breasts are no exceptions to the first of Sir Isaac Newton's laws. The proprietor of *Playmates,* a successful Hollywood Boulevard store catering to the more extravagant styles of feminine clothing and underclothing, has expressed

Bras like this with nipple openings are excellent for nursing mothers to use.

This old-fashioned corset gives uplift without covering the breasts.

concern over the effects of bralessness on many of the more amply endowed customers who visit his shop daily.

"Some of them are in their early twenties," he reveals, "and already their breasts are sagging like those of forty-year-olds. Yet they seem to be the ones who want see-through styles the most."

A check through of similar well-placed witnesses bears him out, and it may be that America will achieve the world's lowest, as well as its highest, breasted women at one and the same time.

Are sagging breasts at an early age apt to prove dangerous to the possessor's health? Spokesmen for the bra manufactuers are edging delicately toward such suggestions. But the reason for their delicacy seems to lie in their inability to get a firm medical backing for such a thesis.

Dr. Roy Catizone, a long-time medical practitioner among the ladies of the film capital, has been treating females of all ages and types of bosoms for many years. He tends to greet such a suggestion with a shrug.

He says, "I don't see any vital health danger in letting the breasts sag if that's what a girl wants. But they could become damned inconvenient. And the esthetic effect is hardly improved."

For a big-breasted girl whose bosoms are not abnormally firm and muscular (and there are few if any muscles in the mammaries), there remains one solution if she wishes to keep her breasts up where they belonged in the first place. This, of course, is plastic surgery.

If bra-makers are masking alarm at the current trend toward unsupported bosoms, the men who specialize in this sort of cosmetic repair work are masking covert smiles of delight. Their techniques are long perfected, their results guaranteed, their fees large, ranging from about three hundred dollars at the very lowest to a top of three thousand.

The operation is virtually painless. It is quick and lasting. Its relative profits are enormous since the simplest sort of instruments and anesthesia are required.

The only problem in breast surgery, apart from the afore-mentioned costs and reluctance of many American women to have themselves reshaped via the knife plus plastic or salt water, lies in the fact that breasts surgically kept in place are evident to the knowing male eye. The trouble is simple enough—thanks to the composition of their filling, they do not change shape.

As a rule, when a woman makes love, she is naked. As a rule, complete darkness is unattainable as well as inconvenient for lovemaking. As a rule, at least during part of the process, she will find herself lying on her back.

And there's the rub. When a woman without breast surgery lies on her back, her breasts, especially if they are large, will flatten out. That old devil gravity again, of course. But when a woman whose breasts have been surgically buttressed lies on her back, her breasts continue to point right upward toward sky or ceiling . . . whichever she is lying under.

Some men find the idea of enjoying a girl with a breast job erotically stimulating. Others don't give a damn either way. But there are numbers of men who consider the idea a turn-off. They want their girls as nature made them—or as nearly so as possible.

This, of course, is a reason far more potent than the incitements of Women's Lib for bralessness in the first place. When a man reaches for a woman's breast, he seldom enjoys manual encounter with a covering object of fabric stiffened by lastex or sometimes metal wires. Thus, ironically enough, instead of catering to female freedom from male domination, bralessness plays right into the hands of the male chauvinist pig—literally into his hands!

Is the bra doomed to immediate or near-future extinction?

The answer would appear to be in the negative. Although the bra's near-total adoption by American women seems to be ended, women who feel they need the unmoral uplifters for comfort or grooming will go right on buying and wearing them in one form or another.

Like the miniskirt, which is still with us in quantity since its demise was officially pronounced by the high-fashion leaders of Paris and New York, it appears that the bra will be around (and around the upper portions of the female torso) for the foreseeable future. It may not be around as many of them as formerly, but it will still be there. ●●●

Women won't buy bras with front hooks, but really need help with hooks.

(continued from page 7)

displeasure on the part of a segment of the viewing public had caused a chain reaction the end of which was total retreat by the movie makers. Not in this case. Driven by a need to bring people back into the movie houses, spurred by new directors and storytellers, and urged on by a public that was tired of mild themes and flat pictures, the movie industry held fast. It said openly that the bosom was here to stay and would be seen, curvaceous and bare, whenever the story indicated a need for it.

Elizabeth Taylor, among others, and somehow involved with the sexuality of the screen, bared all in *Reflections In a Golden Eye.* Vanessa Redgrave taunted movie-goers in *Blow Up* with an almost subliminal display of herself and then went on to reveal herself in a more leisurely fashion in *Isadora.* Glenda Jackson's bare bosom was an integral part of the telling of *Women In Love,* and *The Music Lovers.* The scenes in which she writhes in the nude on the floor of a train is as essential to the film as the scene where she is masturbated openly by the inmates of the asylum. The beginning of *Barbarella,* the cartoon strip brought to life, shows enough of Jane Fonda's bosom to satisfy the most greedy. It is important to the film. The scene sets the mood of the viewer. In *Goodbye Columbus,* the scene in the bathroom where Ali McGraw is showering shows this ripe young woman at her best. It too is crucial to the story. Putting her into a terry cloth robe would have weakened the credibility of the scene. The excitingly beautiful model-turned-actress, Sybil Shephard, shows herself off in *The Last Picture Show.* So does Ann-Margret in *Carnal Knowledge.* Few stars of merit would recoil from their own nudity in a movie today.

The last year, however, has indicated a slight change of direction. There seems to be a youth movement in mammarial exposure. In *Slaughter,* the lovely Stella Stevens spends as much time undraped as clothed. Barbara Hershey in *Boxcar Bertha* presents herself for viewing. In fact, there is a plenitude of riches for the bosom lovers of the world. He is offered a rare harvest. He can choose from, and this is only a tiny part of the menu, all kinds of movies—Domenique Sanda, gorgeous in every movie; Susan George in *Straw Dogs,* a divinely-shaped young lady named Valerie Perrine in *Slaughterhouse 5,* and Joey Heatherton, ripe and mouth watering in *Bluebeard. Bluebeard,* with Richard Burton, is itself a gold mine for the viewer. Co-starring Raquel Welsh, the picture gives us a choice of eight utterly undraped lovely young ladies.

Malcolm McDowell (above) cutting off a girl's clothing to free her breasts in this, one of the more violent scenes, from the motion picture "A Clockwork Orange."

There is even a bonus of sorts for weird tastes in *Up the Sandbox,* where there is a brief scene of a huge-chested babysitter. There is a moment of high hilarity when a Fidel Castro type, complete with beard and army fatigues, strips to reveal a bosom no woman would be ashamed of.

Sociologists have studied the liking of nudity in film hoping to find its source in some social motivation. There are indications that much of the impetus comes from the opportunity, at last, to taste forbidden fruit. Our puritan sociality is no longer effective. We are not afraid of sex anymore. Working alongside, psychologists have tried to fix some sort of blame on the infantile nature of the male animal. The sight of breasts, they feel, returns us in fantasy to the infantile stage where life was simple and a mother's breasts held all the pleasures. Of course, there are other psychologists who hold other views. Some even contend that a desire to see an "R" or "X" rated film is a reflection of the basic bestiality of man. His tastes, this group says, are depraved and evil.

Fortunately, the debates do not interfere with the enjoyment of the audience when it sees the camera dolly in slowly and hold on a bosom heaving slightly with passion and expectation. As a young viewer coming out of a showing of *Last Tango in Paris* said—"It beats the hell out of playing pool!" ●●●

But even the "have-nots," the girls who really do need some padding in their brassieres to give them an uplift and a nicer appearance beneath clothing, have certain little communications tricks that they use —and should.

For example, the girl who has a thickly padded bra knows that any motions she makes with her upper body, will point up the fact that the flow of her bustline is not a natural one. She will, therefore, learn to control her movements when a male is near whom she wants to impress with her femininity, to allow for a minimum of shifting her breasts about. She will also consider carefully what her proper measurements should be and buy the bra size accordingly.

There is a reverse signal that is effectively employed by many women with small breasts. Instead of building them up to ridiculous proportions with padding, they cleverly use diversionary body language. That is, they will, by carefully designed gestures and movements, attract the attention of the male to their most attractive body feature, and thus draw attention away from their small breasts.

There is an altogether different language used in connection with the display of naked breasts. Historical records show that ancient peoples like the Egyptian women, used to rouge and paint and otherwise decorate their bare breasts to make them more noticable and attractive to males. Another ancient wile of the woman, which is also a form of sexual communication, is to perfume her breasts, or the small valley between them, to make them alluring to her male's sense of smell.

But there are other methods of using the naked bosom to its best advantage, and this has been demonstrated by strippers and dancers throughout the ages. We have been subjected to a cycle of strippers who gyrate madly about, their breasts bouncing wildly, but the real stars who have succeeded at top rates of pay throughout the years are those who move seductively. Their breasts do not bounce, but rather gently undulate in a most ladylike manner that adds a graceful charm to the woman.

By using her arms and elbows, a woman can make her breasts provocative.

The Follies Bergere, and later, the famed Ziegfeld Follies, featured bare-breasted females by the scores, but never did they move suddenly or in a bawdy manner. As a matter of fact, Sally Rand, the queen of the strippers, once told a researcher that she knew from personal questioning of males, both customers, booking agents and personal friends, that the most alluring position a woman could use for "breast language," was to stand quietly erect! Sally also stated that, no matter what size a woman's breasts are, she should never, never, let a man see her lying on her back with her breasts exposed! This, it is obvious, destroys all the uptilt and flattens the breast into a much less attractive mass of flesh without form or real sexiness.

Psychiatrists have published and spoken of their findings over the past decades to such a degree that only a willfully careless woman would not know that when she is aroused sexually, (and when she wants to arouse a male) her nipples stand up erect and taut. A subtle method of communicating her desire for her husband is used by many intelligent women. It has to be considered as part of the breast body language. She knows that her mate is aware that the erect nipple is an outward sign that she is "ready," and many women, during the process of undressing, will massage and manipulate their nipples until they become hard and message filled!

Today's research into sexual patterns and appetites reveals a surprising number of women who gain high sexual thrills by having the male penis thrust up between the cleavage of their breasts while either the woman or the man squeezes the breasts inward from the sides. Experts state that the alert male should watch for signs of his wife making sly or overt contact with his genitals via her breasts, for this is a straightforward message that her breasts are one of her most erogenous areas, and that she wants him to pay much more attention to them in his foreplay or even in the sex act itself.

The ways a woman can and does use her breasts to convey a sexual message to her man, or one she would like to have sex with, are limitless. She can accentuate or play down her breasts (and there are large-breasted women who wish to draw attention away from their breasts) by the clothing she wears and the type brassiere that she employs.

She can use calculated movements that add to the glamorous contour or size of her breasts. She can scent them, and today some women even apply facial or body makeup to their breasts to make them more sexually alluring.

She can knead them with her hands in front of her husband, she can display them with tautened nipples, she can bend over in revealing clothing to allow him to see their nicety, and often, she will brush against him so that he can feel their yielding, soft, fleshy temptation.

That there is a definite set of signals used by women through their breasts is a proven fact. And, most men find the touch and taste and smell of a woman's breast most exciting—even soothing, in some cases.

It should be part of the alert male's plans, if he wishes to increase his mate's pleasures, and to provide her with the kind of sexual treatment she desires, to be on the lookout for the many "breast signs" that the smart woman will use. ●●●

Timmy had slowed the car down for some reason. Noticing this, Brad looked at the boy. "Anything wrong, kid?"

He shook his head, his shoulders still bobbing up and down in time to the music emanating from the rock station. "No, man. There ain't a thing wrong. I was just slowing down because the fog seems to be getting thicker."

Brad knew better. It was the marijuana. Timmy was at least smart enough to realize he couldn't drive too fast in this misty pea soup while his brain and senses were benumbed by the narcotic cigarette. "Okay," he said, settling back. "I'll trust your judgment."

"That's cool," Timmy responded, turning the volume of the car radio up just a little more. "You go ahead and dig Marlou. She's a fox, I tell you."

Marlou was gripping Brad's stem. Holding it upright, he eased its slick head between the folds of damp, warm flesh. Then, as it pushed against her puckered opening, she shoved downward to bury half of Brad's length in her slit. Lifting up, she readied herself to shove downward again. This time, Brad thrust upward, slamming his full length into her trembling frame.

"Um-hmmm," the girl muttered, rocking her pelvic bone against Brad's. "That's goooood!"

Her breasts rubbed against his shirt as she hunched up and down. She was resting her weight on her knees. Her hands held Brad by the shoulders. After several minutes, she licked at his ear with her tongue-tip. "Get on top of me," she whispered. "You'll make me come easier."

Effortlessly, Brad held the girl by the waist and moved her so that she was lying on her back with one leg around his rump and the other pressed against the floor of the limousine. Then, he renewed his thrusts, slamming the full length of his pulsing stem deep into her slit, then withdrawing all but its head before slamming inward again. Marlou began to hump and buck beneath him. "Do it, baby!" she cried. "Do it, now!"

For an instant, Brad thought she was telling him to reach climax. But, only for an instant. Then, from the corner of his eye, he saw Timmy turn around . . . saw the boy raise his arm. And he knew, then, that Marlou had been talking to her boyfriend all along.

Timmy's arm raised up again. Brad managed to turn just enough so that the main force of the blow caught him at the base of his neck and on the shoulder. It struck with excruciating pain. But, it didn't knock him unconscious.

Timmy had managed to stop the car while Brad had been rutting with the girl. Now, he opened the car door and ran around to the rear. Opening the door closest to Brad, he reached in and pulled Brad out. Brad saw the shoulder of the road rise up to strike his forehead as he spilled forward. Taking the bruise, he remained motionless.

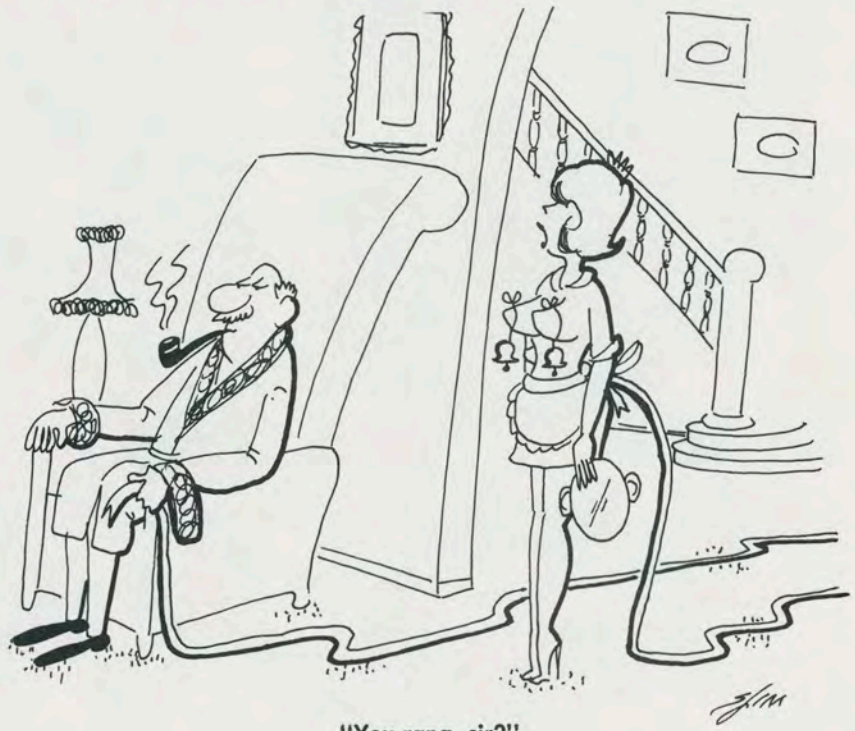
Seconds later, the powerful motor of the limousine roared anew. A plume of nauseating exhaust spewed from the tailpipe to flood against Brad's face. Bits of earth spit out from the rear tires and struck his face and chest as Timmy pulled the car out onto the highway and sped away.

Brad got to his feet and dusted himself off. He took several deep breaths. Then, he walked across the darkened highway and stood on the shoulder of the road. Another car might come along at any minute. He wanted to be ready for it when it did. Hopefully, the driver would not be one of those who had qualms about picking up hitchhikers.

There was a knot on the back of his head, a painful reminder at the spot where Timmy had struck him. Brad rubbed it gingerly, his grimace becoming a smile as he thought about the two teenagers who had commandeered the car.

There was no doubt in his mind but that he couldn't have taken Timmy's blackjack . . . or whatever it was that he had used . . . away from him. But, where was the percentage in that? Let the boy and his girl have the car. Let them have the corpse that was in the trunk! Perhaps they might be able to give the police a better explanation than Brad could have given. Perhaps not. Either way, it was a cinch Brad wasn't going to worry about it anymore!

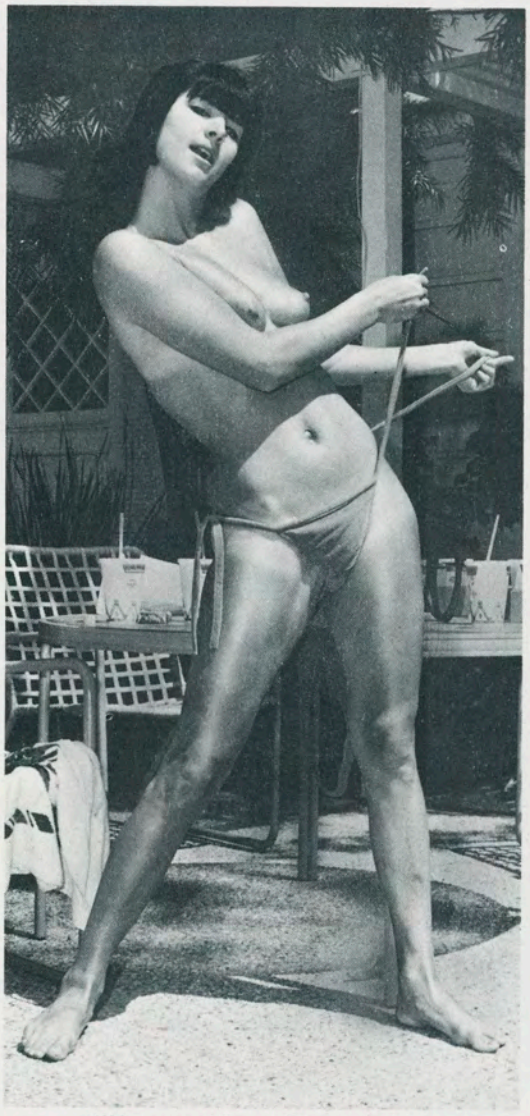
Peering into the darkness, he studied the shadowed shapes and things beyond his foggy scope of vision. And as he did so, he began to whistle. ●●●



"You rang, sir?"

BUST-UP

WITH SHOWPIECE'S
PICTO-LAUGHS



"How would you like a real bar mitzvah present from auntie?"

"Well, how much am I behind in my rent?"

"Well, he'll never bother me with *that* thing anymore."

"I was just thinking, Harry . . . before we get that divorce . . ."

"I only wish our husbands could be as happy."

lation would lend glamor to the body with which she was intertwined at the moment.

Moreover, Tarbor, a considerate man, did not have to worry about the effect of rejection on the entries. Many were taken off his hands by his wife. On a small island near Corfu, owned by one of Tarbor's corporations, naturally, his wife had set up a sort of refuge for the rejected. It was rumored that she and her flock had evenings of the most remarkable orgiastic delights. It was reported that the wife of a U.S. senator, seemingly missing from a safari, had joined them. To help, of course.

The day came. In honor of the occasion, Tarbor had had the yacht completely redone. Every drop of paint was new. The marvelous wood paneling was stripped and replaced by even more marvelous paneling. The judging room was enlarged with a dozen master carpenters and builders breaking down two of the walls so that tangential salons could be made part of the room. The latest electronic gadgetry was incorporated into the fixtures and various functions. The bar had become completely electrical. At the touch of a button, any drink would be mixed. Another button, and an electric trolley would bring the drink to the thirster.

Two stands were built so that neither entry would have the advantage of height or proximity. Two banks of lights fed exactly the same amount of light to each area. Two doors had been built into the far walls so that from their private bedrooms, each entry could come into the viewing room without delay.

Korbes and Tarbor wanted the judging to be only with their eyes. They wanted no outside influences. All these precautions had come about because Korbes had almost chosen as his entry a young Algerian lass because of the effect she had had on other viewers. Telltale bulges in their trousers had almost cost him the contest. He had almost chosen her and would doubtless have lost since her right breast was almost an inch larger than her left. Surely, this lack of symmetry would have cost him dearly.

"I don't care if you are sex starved — *that's* not on the menu!"

The evening came. Exuding confidence, Korbes led his delegation onto the yacht. It consisted of first, his personal helper—being gross, Korbes needed assistance in climbing steps. Behind him, four young stallions of men carried a sedan chair in which his entry sat, her beauty hidden from the world by thick curtains of beaded silver and gold. The entry brought into the right bedroom, Korbes greeted his friend warmly.

"Shall we have a drink first?" Tarbor asked.

"No, no. The judging. I can't wait for the judging."

The moment had come. Both men sat in the newly wrought Spanish leather chairs that had been placed on the movable turntable before the two stands. Tarbor pushed a button on the side of his chair. A chime, almost like a series of chords from an Indian song, rang out. The girls entered. Tarbor's entry, a young lady from New Zealand named Iris, entered first. Tarbor motioned her to the stand on the left. The entry Korbes had chosen, a bronze-skinned beauty from Morocco, came in a moment later.

Indicating the other stand, Korbes said, "Elena, will you disrobe please."

Deftly, Elena stepped out of her purple kaftan. Iris took off her lamé robe. An intense silence enveloped the room as both men gazed at bosoms no Olympian gods had ever seen. Elena's busts thrust forward from her body in an unbearable defiance. Matchless, they curved to perfection. Even though he had seen them before, Korbes wanted to rush to her to bury his head in the cleavage, to fill his ears with the soft tender brown flesh.

Although her breasts were perhaps an inch larger, Iris was also worthy of a museum. The breasts were rounded and cupped forward with a teasing slope as if some invisible nature were holding them up. She was light-skinned so her nipples looked like two circles painted with the juice of some rare

red fruit. No ridges marked the red path to the tip.

Silently, since words weren't necessary, both men nodded at the visual equality of their choices. They rose. Korbes first, Tarbor next, they walked to the women and fondled the breasts, gently, harder, even more gently, then even harder. Knowingly, they rubbed their cheeks against the giving flesh. They buried their heads between each pair and played the nipples against their foreheads, across their eyes, along their arms. Touch gave them no clue.

Holding one of Elena's breasts forward perhaps a millimeter, Korbes tasted it. Then he tasted Iris. Tasting back and forth, his mind boggled with the taste of both nectars. Similarly, Tarbor tasted. A thousand taste buds in his mouth exploded. His tongue searched out each pore and tried to force itself into the heart of the burning flesh.

The hours passed. The testing built to a frenzy of touch and taste. Both men washed their faces in the tenderness of the mounds again and again, only to return to an orgy of sucking and licking and biting softly. Finally, both fell back exhausted.

Sitting, one waited for the other to announce a tie. But as they sat, a large wave, the first of the early morning in a sea where the waters like men woke with the rising of the sun, slapped against the ship, rocking it. The angles of light upon the bodies of the two young ladies shifted for the briefest moment. It was almost as if the room had been swept with one flow of some strobe light. And in this light, a fleck seemed to mar the glowing perfection of Iris. Driven by some inner urge, both men rushed forward.

When another wave brought on a second sweep of light at the different angle, the imperfection, perhaps a half-millimeter in length, again was revealed in the tender crease at the bottom of Iris's right breast. Korbes looked at Tarbor. Wordlessly, Tarbor nodded, conceding defeat. "Your check will be drawn in the morning," he said, smiling in defeat. Yet, it was not the smile of surrender. Korbes wondered why Tarbor was so graceful. His friend was not that good a loser. There was a reason for Tarbor's attitude. Unfortunately, he would never know why.

Tarbor returned to his own yacht. He would have liked to have won. He was not such a fool as to want to throw away millions. He had honestly thought that he could win with his Australian morsel. Back in his master bedroom, he sank into the thick white velvet of his divan. Yes, he would have liked to have won. But not at any price. He signaled for Lisette to come in from her adjoining room. His fatigue was forgotten as she entered. Clad in a silken sheath, the young beauty he had found in a small town in France entered and accepted his indication to sit near him. Her breasts played into the fabric, their color and dimension not hidden by the sheerness. Nor did the fabric hide their perfection beyond perfection. They looked as if they had been molded by some Michelangelo over a lifetime. And only a Renoir, dedicated from his first breath, could have mixed the milken color God or nature had painted on the sensuous flesh.

Tarbor knew that he could have won easily with Lisette. There would have been no need for the lengthy orgiastic contest, not that for one moment he regretted the delights of the challenge. Oh yes, he would have gained victory with Lisette quickly. But this was worth more than the fortune he had lost. To have for his eyes and his eyes alone these heavenly morsels. To have shared them with Korbes would somehow have blemished them. He smiled again the enigmatic smile that his friend had thought of as an expression of defeat. He was practicing for the many times he would see Korbes in the years to come. Then he motioned for Lisette to disrobe so that he could bathe in the glory of her splendors. ●●●

"Do you also go braless?"

country coming to the city and giving this older man her Greatest Possession. Do you know where she gave him her Greatest Possession?"

"No," I answer, almost dislocating my jaw from trying to talk and eat the cherries off her jugs at the same time. "Where did she give it to him?"

"Under the pure hot cascade of water in a shower," Frances says, twisting her absolutely gorgeous hips so the faded jeans could slide off. "Can we, Mr. Kinghammer?"

By now, if she wants it beside the information desk at O'Hare International Airport, which is the busiest airport in all the world, she can have it there. So, still hanging on to all the goodies, I reach over and turn the hot shower on and we struggle underneath it. There is one small problem when she slips, hooking the water-release handle up her heinie, but no permanent damage and we grapple again. We are all lined up for the moment of truth, the pure hot cascade of water pouring off us like crazy, when what she says a few minutes before penetrates my fevered mind.

"Frances," I say, "tell me again that part about the country girl and her Most Precious Possession or whatever."

"I thought of it when Hunker sent those pictures of you two," she says, hanging on. "I was tired of dumb boys and even dumb old men always trying to get my Greatest Possession. So I decided to find some way to give it to a total stranger, like the girl in that book. Isn't that romantic? Mr. Kinghammer, I feel all funny. Don't back away like that. More, walk *toward* me, more. . . ."

"You're a virgin," I say. "Frances, I never had anything so beautiful happen before. Are you sure?"

She only smiles that big dumb Arkansas smile, and grips me around the waist. I stop backing away and start coming on, and it is very nice. If you are ever going to take somebody's Greatest Possession, you cannot do better than under a pure hot cascade of water. And the second time was great, especially the feet part. But the *third* time, when we got the hang of keeping our footing on the slippery surface, was just *beautiful;* even there at the very end when she screams in my ear and it feels like both my kneecaps fell off.

After, we sit on the side of the tub, smiling and holding each other here and there, kissing once in a while.

"I love you," I say. "I don't know just what that means, but I really do."

"Me, too, Mr. Kinghammer," she answers. "I knew Momma was wrong, saying a girl who's only 14 can't. . . ."

"Wait," I say, looking down at all that healthy, well-developed Arkansas body. "You said 14, but 14 what? I mean, age-wise, you've got to be like 18. Or probably 19, or even . . . aren't you?"

"I'm almost 14 years old," she says defensively. "I've always been big for my age. I'll be 14 on my next birthday, next month. Why?"

"Oh, my God!" I say, reaching for my pants, "13 years old! Did you ever hear of statutory rape, Frances?"

"I've heard of rape. What does statutory mean?"

There is this terrible roar from the bathroom doorway.

"Statutory rape," the roar roars, "means when a dirty old man does it to a little girl. Sometimes dirty old men go to jail for like 30 years for doing it to little girls. But Dirty Old Man Kinghammer doesn't have to worry about going to jail for 30 years. No, Sir."

"I'm not wearing anything underneath."

I make myself look up. Any time, Hunker Hanrahan scares the hell out of me. Now, looking 11 feet tall, his ham hands opening and closing like earth-moving equipment, he is something out of a nightmare.

"Dirty Old Man Kinghammer isn't going to jail," he says, reaching down with one hand and lifting me into the air by my throat. "Because I am going to kill him, is why. I am going to tear off his arms and his

legs and his head, then his big fat dirty. . . . No! *First,* I will tear off his big fat dirty. . . ."

For the very first time in my life, I am brave enough or hysterical enough to talk back to him. I just have enough breath left to whisper:

"Screw you, Hanrahan. It was worth it."

"Hunker!" Cousin Frances starts to scream. "Put Mr. Kinghammer down or I will tell your mother."

"Tell her," I hear through the closing darkness. "I bet Momma would *want* me to break his dirty. . . ."

"Not that," Frances says loudly. "About you and Priscilla Winterbottom last spring in the hayloft. Everybody in the family always says, 'Be more like your Cousin Hunker,' so that is what I am doing now. Boy, wait until I tell your mother! And Priscilla Winterbottom is even younger than me."

"A lie!" Hunker Hanrahan roars, but letting me fall weakly against Frances. "Anyway, it was her idea."

"This is mine," Cousin Frances says, putting her strong young arms around me from behind, gripping my endangered manhood, and making an obscene gesture with it. "And now I'm ready for some more, which is more than Priscilla Winterbottom said after she came down from the hayloft."

"I got an appointment," Hunker mumbles. He glares down at me. "Wait until I get you back in our room."

I get brave or hysterical again.

"That's another thing," I say. "It's my room and my motel. Get out. You smell bad, Hanrahan, and you snore, and you hardly ever change sox, you big dumb bastard. Get out of my room and my motel, and stay out."

"I'll kill you," Hunker promises.

"I'll tell your mother," Cousin Frances promises.

"It's a cruddy room, anyway," he says, going out of our lives forever.

"Frances," I say tenderly over my shoulder, trying to turn around, "thank you for saving my life. Thank you for giving me your Greatest Possession. It certainly was. But you are only 13 years of age, my dear. I am past 30. We cannot. . . ." My voice runs down like a leaky bagpipe, because she, still gripping my manhood from behind, starts making little hickeys up and down my spine.

"Spread your legs," she orders from buttocks-level. "I want to try something. Hey, yeah! I knew it would reach."

"Stop that," I plead faintly. "It's not only obscene but impossible for a man to do that to himself. It also hurts."

"It won't now," she predicts, guiding me helplessly to the bed in the bedroom. "There. See?"

Then I either die or faint, because the next thing I know she is coming in from the outside hallway, carrying a brown paper bag. In a weird way, though still very beautiful, you can tell she is kin with Hunker Hanrahan.

"Milk shake," she says. "Quick energy. Drink it."

For one of the few times in my life, I do the right thing.

"I don't want a milk shake," I say, loud. "Take off that stupid T-shirt and those stupid pants and boots, and get your ass in bed here. Move it!" Looking surprised but pleased, she does.

"Mr. Kinghammer," she says, beginning that great hip rotation that may very well be inborn with budding Arkansas females. "Jerry, Darling."

"Mr. Kinghammer," I correct firmly. "Remember, I hardly know you. And pick up the cadence down there!"

"Yes, Sir, Mr. Kinghammer," Cousin Frances answers, picking up the rotation. "Don't get mad. I'm sorry if I'm not too good at it yet. Maybe. . . . Maybe there's something else you'd rather?"

Ever since I am just a little boy, there is this oral thing I wonder about but am afraid to ask.

"As a matter of fact," I say, disengaging, gripping her firmly by the ears, and pulling down. "Yes."

This is around noon, Friday. Monday, when I give her permission to call me Jerry in bed or under the shower, Hunker's Cousin Frances is so happy she cries. ●●●

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"Most people think of California as nothing but beaches and water sports, but what they don't know is that horseback riding is very big out in the West," says pretty Marylou Davidson. "I don't mean the cowboys-and-Indians type of riding, but sport riding with English saddles, riding habits and the whole thing. It's a very elite group and they look down on just about everything and everybody — especially on people who ride Western style." Marylou knows all about the horsey set in California because she was a member of that rather snobby group for most of her life. "It was just a year and a half ago that I decided to give up that life. I had been in horse shows since I was seven years old and had spent most of my life in the stable and riding ring. All I had to show for it was a lot of muscles in my legs and tons of ribbons and trophies. I knew there had to be more to life than getting up at dawn to dress up in fancy pink riding outfits and chase hounds that were chasing a coyote. The whole thing is a little ridiculous since they haven't caught one in more than three years of hunting in California. They still dress exactly the way George Washington did and pretend they are hunting fox. But the California coyote is much smarter than the Eastern fox. Most of the time the hounds never even get close to him.

HUNT CLUB DROPOUT

"My parents were very upset when I dropped out of the hunt club, but I knew that I absolutely had to get away. When I was living at home, the only men I ever met were either stuffy old hunt club members or their sons who were almost as bad as the fathers. I was so bored I thought I would die. Then I met one of the horse trainers on a local ranch. He was a cowboy who rode in rodeos part of the time and worked training horses the rest of the year. He got me my first modeling job and showed me how to live my own life. Now I know that's the kind of real he-man type that turns me on."

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